

Virgil
Owens
Hawthorne
Euripides
Petrarch
Hemingsway
Boswell
Aldson
Marlowe
Gerald
Shel
Locke
Hume
Augustine
Browning
Rossetti
Kafka
Maugham
Homer
Boethe
Joan

CH
Austen
Dickens
Sappho
Buck
Petrarch
Euripides
Hawthorne
Owens
Boyle
Hemingsway
Boswell
Richardson
Auden
Conrad
Shaw
Tennyson
James
Marlowe
Fitzgerald
Shady
Minds
Spring 1977
Joan

INWARDNESS

5

LETTERS FROM THE BREATH OF LIFE

SET 3:

SCRIBBLINGS



NOTES ON MY EXISTENCE

→ PHASE 10 :

INWARDNESS

THE MEDITATIONS OF HENTRICH

W4-7

Writing madness. Living madness.

(7)

Who are we? Who have we been?

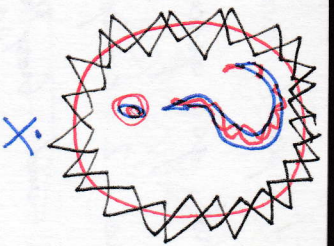
What are we becoming as a species?

as an individual psychic reality?

On deeper levels I wonder if
the gods and spirits are watching
over my journey. How could I
have ended up living in the Task
House? This land I mean more
to me than the State of New
Jersey. How did I end up in
the position of maintenance specialist
(parks) living in this house out
here down this long road?
I have been in this house for
more than five years...

I write, therefore I am mad.
Writing implies madness. There is
too much going on in here,
so much so that I am
compelled to write.

One might think on my death
bed I would regret having
not truly lived, fear, instead
of living. I wrote, I lived
as much as anyone else. So
I don't fly in planes or go
skiing down mountains, I have
lived a deeply reflective life.
If anything, it is I who is
prepared for his death bed!



9

1997 03 15 Sat 02:30

My subconscious

play games. During the past 2
volumes, both of which were the same
type, I was sober. Now the
type of book changes as I change.
I am becoming aware of the
ambivalence I am experiencing.

Bugs crawling from corners and out
of doors — and I truly am
content here ... yet certain, if not
all, women might be freaked out
by bugs, thereby causing me much
unnecessary stress. Welcome

21:00

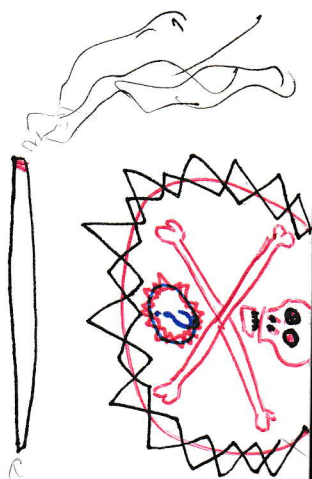
I passed away the whole day, but I did go grocery shopping, I did purchase 2 compact disks: *Hummer* \Rightarrow *Frizzle Fry* and *Crazy Horse/Neil Young*.
BROTHER ARROW.
I may drive out and pick up a movie to watch while alone.
It is interesting how things change so suddenly.

03 16 SU 11:30

Coffee, candles ...
Writing madness. All I have is house chores to report. It is comical that were I to breed, I would have little time for writing. I would not be able to pass the days away.

03 17 MO 06:45

Only 3 days till



Spring, and it is below 20°F outside. The weather outside says it is still winter. Dream Recall leaves me in a state of reverie upon awakening. Gilly was among the Dream Spirits of the Night.

The email I sent Chuck, the Superintendent of the park I am employed by, (see last 2 pages of WINTER 1997: WOMAN RISING) had an effect on him. He called telling me I should not be working for the park, that I was a gifted writer. I feel like Healer's Dreamer.

I am a presence that will stand out from the rest. It is no wonder Sherry and I became such a disaster. We were not "on the same level", whatever that means.

I do not want to imply that my WRITING MADNESS makes me superior to Sherry - it only means I have reflected more deeply upon my life as well as the universal condition of being.

Working is evidence of reflection, of thought. To be a THINKING

MAN in a role of MANUAL LABORER is not a new theme. I make the best of it by pretending I am in a huge prison system which

encompasses our entire culture. I imagine I could be in a worse part of the prison, but I do not forget the chains and the bars ^{that make} ~~around~~ my cage. Money somewhere spins a web that becomes the prison itself.

On a deeper level, beyond the Prisoner, Prisoner view of our being victims of industrialized civilization, one can see we are naturally born prisoners. We are enslaved by our biological needs.

In the modern world, we are enslaved by many artificial, yet psychologically real, desires.

19:00

There is nothing to be had out there. Being alone tends to put one in touch with the fickle nature of existence. In the end, we are all alone.

23

21:20

The history of philosophy is an ongoing conversation. I

cannot plagiarize Schopenhauer for

I am preaching Schopenhauer's

philosophy. If I end up

spending my entire little life

alone, I will become a

creature in tune with the

ego transcendence - as in

deep and in death.

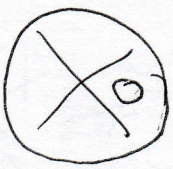
My grandfather Charles Weber has decided to leave the hospital, to detach from all life preserving practices and to come home to die in peace without the pain of radiation treatment and medicine that makes him lose control of his bowels. He has been humiliated long enough. He is ready to die. I regret him for this decision.

I have gotten many of my genes from my grandfather Weber, hence his presence will never leave me. My grandfather's heart is still with me as I humbly take my daily bread.

19970323 5408:00

This morning's question: No I buy more cannibals or do I abstain for awhile? I will see how it goes. I have the money because there is no one in my life. What is MADNESS?

I am not looking forward to the coming week week, but who ever looks forward to any week?



What is there to do?

Why not smoke pot?

One reason not to smoke pot would be to enable my organism to experience peace without being high.

22:10

This evening's answer: Yes.

I bought more cannibals. I am doing all I can from getting hooked on crack again. The stuff is in my reach, but I am afraid of getting hooked. I do desire to feel the incredible high from blast after blast (ah, the sweet pain), but I do not want to be looking all over the floor for more. I don't want to run back and forth to the bank until I have \$0.00 in my account. I have to see the bigger picture.

23:00

I purchased THE C PROGRAMMING LANGUAGE by Brian Kernighan and Dennis Ritchie.

There is also an answer book, but it sells for another \$40.00.

I will do the exercises and check for help at the bookstore.

What is it that is so tempting about using cracks? When I went into the bookstore at 10:30 PM,

I was running from temptations.

I was being chased by ghosts.

This little book grows just like my old Calculus text book.

I am not depending on a school to teach me how to program.

I want to teach myself the fundamentals.

Instead of spending \$40.00 on the street, which would keep me up all night and make for a

cherry Monday morning, I could pause with C programming's

12 Easy lessons at lesson 9.

I could spend \$40.00 ~~and~~ on

The C language by C's creator.

If I concentrate on computer programming, I may be able

to keep myself from getting

sucked into cycles of self

destruction. I am slowly coming

to understand C.

If I were to do crack,
my brain would not be able
to comprehend the methods
of programming.

Computer programming may
seem tedious and "nerdy",
but it requires a high degree
of intelligence. If I can
remain dedicated to programming,
I will cherish my brain.

My intellect is suboptimal in
shop work. Programming is a
discipline that challenges my
intellect.

When I leave the state, I will
leave as a computer programmer —
not as a maintenance worker.

I want to protect the mental
processes that are capable of
algorithmic problem solving.

I am addicted to cannabis
status as badly as when I
stopped back in August. I do
not want to use crack again.

Why am I always haunted
and tempted by voices?

Why do I actually entertain
thoughts of chewing a blast
from a dented can of Coke?

I will have to keep my eyes
on that device. I think as

long as I still have a
chance to utilize my brain,
I will refrain from becoming
a psychotic crack head.

If I get into the habit of
carrying a sacred book of secret
knowledge, such as The C programming
language by K & R, into the shop
each morning, reading it instead
of conversing about useless crap

or rushing into a job.

I will look people straight in
the eye: "I am preparing myself
for the outside world."

So close to midnight and the moon
is full. As I read the C text

I experience an unusual sense
of awe for the process of
trying to master the language
linking our inviolable abstract
imaginations to electronic machines.

In learning to program machines
I merge with my time and
my culture. Although I favor
the native American Indian, I
cannot keep from being a European
American in the midst of the
information revolution. I am a fairly
fast information processor myself.

03 24 MO 01:00

I am fortunate

to have a fresh supply of rat
(my organism consumes it at a
faster rate than I will be able
to continue to pay for).

I have been so into studying
C programming like a monk

studying ancient scrolls that I

am unable to go to bed
even though I work in the

morning. I imagine if I had

succeeded to to desire to inhibit

crack. * What a bizarre universe

we live in... imagine crack...

imagine one's psychic reality.

The mazes and traps of this
world are all about us in our
daily lives. We are hardly to blame
for falling into them (traps) or
getting lost in them (mazes).

One wonderful thing about being
one solitary entity rather than
one of a family is that were
I to be too lazy to cook,
I can always fast in the

most spontaneous manner.

With a family, one feels

responsible for providing

sustenance. Alone I eat like

an animal = when I am hungry
enough to get food.

21:00

Only 9PM and I am tired.

It could be all the reaper I am
smoking that is making me want
to smoke, although this batch is
weak.

Grandpa Weber plans to die this
week, the same week as his birth.
It will be his 80th birthday April 1st.

Grandpa Weber's death will have an
impact on my life because my
mother will be greatly disturbed by
it.

As the oldest daughter, she feels
she knows him the longest.
Is love measured by tears?

It could be so.

03 25 74 12:30

39

During the work shift I find
myself inspired by my deepening
interest in C programming. I

wish there were some way for me
to harness that inspiration during
the evening when I am gloomy,
when I seem to fall prey

to being paralyzed by laziness
and inactivity. I am utilizing
the internet during lunch so
as to have some concepts to

study while on my work shift.
I also await the day when I can dream.

22:00

My Grandfather,

Charles Weber remains only
within our minds now, well,
not "only." Grandpa Weber died

at 8:30 PM this evening,

Wednesday the 26th of March 1997.

Grandpa would have been 80
this coming Tuesday 1st April.

The wake is ~~Tuesday~~^{Wednesday}, the
funeral Tuesday. I will go to
work Monday but take off

Tuesday. I will run out

of pot by Friday. I hope

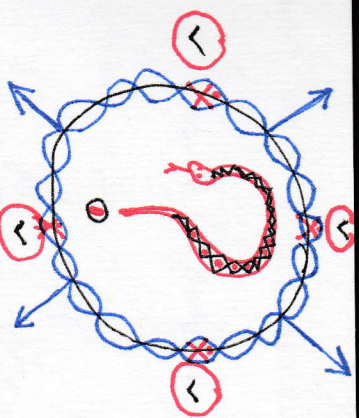
I can keep from buying more

I know it will be a struggle

03 27 TH 17:00

Impulsiveness is about detaching from
outside opinions and getting into the
reality of moment to moment existence
as experienced from within the one
that is all.

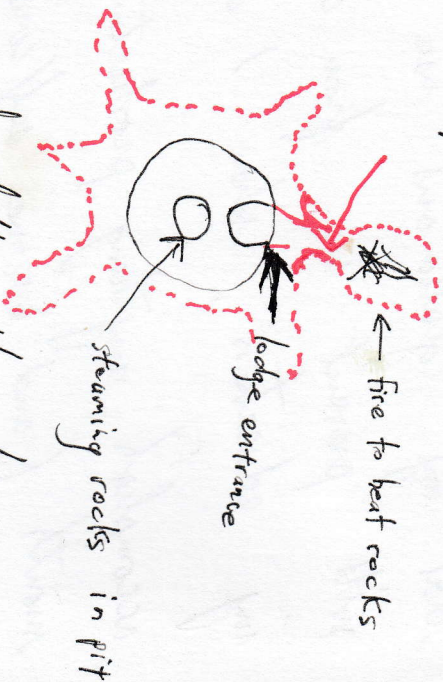
Impulsiveness is a natural subconscious
honesty that knows what motivates
the host organism. I can honestly
admit to myself in the privacy
of my writing that I am once
again 100% addicted to pot,
but I am also addicted to
cigarettes, coffee, brooka bubble gum,
and who knows what could be next?



1997 03 27 TH 20:30

When I find myself worrying about -
where I am going to be in ten
years, when I find myself concerned
that my gluttonous use of paper
will prevent me from continuing
my education, when I don't
accomplish anything productive for a
month (and become self-conscious
about it), it is time to
slow down. The great tiredness is
as good as death.

note: When walking around a traditional sweat lodge, be careful not to step on the turtle neck.



Likewise, I left the above space blank because the symbol (?) has been with me since The Book of Nolder

As much as I complain about my brain (mental powers) going to waste here in my position as a laborer for the post service, the fact that I am positioned in my beloved hometown as well as housed at the heart of ~~the~~ my childhood ranging grounds, ~~me~~ is a great force in my life compelling me to treasure the stroke of luck.

↑
one sentence

Mental note: Schopenhauer used long sentences. Besides, these pages are small. NRIE ^{who is smaller!} Look those back →



It is fun to give into the mythic impulse.

It seems to be the ~~TRUTH~~ TRUTH to say each individual organism is insignificant in comparison to the endless void.

It also seems that we are the most important "THING" in the universe.

'Who cares? Who am I writing to? No one wants to hear this.

'Who cares? This central nervous system cares. IT is directly connected to the world. Basically, it IS the world.

Notice the difference between 'Who cares?' and 'Who cares?'

This THING wants to write. This thing wants to write.

It is probable that my desire to write source code is deeply intertwined with my obsession with reflecting upon my existence daily even if I find myself institutionalized. Let's hope something that barbaric doesn't happen again. Fusion is the main deterrent.

Death frees all prisoners, prisoners of every type ---

Death frees us from all our cares, all our concerns.

What does it mean to reflect upon death?

to become
READY + O DIE

How these communications occur between the sensory receptors and the perceptions 'generated' by the union of world, receptors, central nervous system is the great mystery of BEING.

Does death free us from being?

Does BEING transcend death? Is there a dimension beyond? Are all the legends and myths unconscious symbolisms to explain the mysterious realities of life?

P. 52

How is it I am an atheistic mystic?
I am a holy demon, in no way an angel, but ~~better~~ endowed with some of the essential traits of the angelic.
When I became confused when faced with ~~the~~ illiterate who look down upon me as a worthless, lazy trouble maker, when in reality I am a noble scholar with mystical knowledge, I ^{realize} could never better any of this knowledge to Claude Regardin. He really is understanding, as though it were a joke that I were teaching him something. The situation is ironic to the extreme.

I am fortunate to have read
as much as I have for I
am able to see the irony
instead of being devastated by
the fact that NONE of my
mental powers were of any
use to my employer. I am
paid to work.

Highly skilled literates are made
foremen, while a philosopher mops
floors while studying computer programming
in the janitor's closet. This is as
it should be. After all, it is
1997. Philosophers are of no use to
the industrialized civilizations.
I AM A PHILOSOPHER.
The philosopher will peer out.

To be a philosopher is seen as a
joke by all levels of management
right on down the line.
Hummer that nait.

Nothing need be done.
Get to work.

Build something. Fix something.
Give us a reason to promote you."

~~NOTHING~~ NEED BE DONE!

~~NOTHING~~ NEED BE DONE!

I need not eat. I need not
breathe, I need not exist,

I need not procreate, I need
not consecrate, I need not

hummer that fucking nait (although
I will just to pass time), I

need not work numbers and sneef
bucks. Who cares if Big

Brother is watching?

ah? ~~lg~~

I wonder what I would do if I didn't write. Would I drum more?

Drums can put me in a deep trance. I enjoy playing the drums as though I were an African Vodoo Priest. I often just keep time for rock beats or practice rudimentary exercises, but considering I used to beat on 55 gallon ~~drums~~ cylinders in the back yard with a cut in half broom stick, I also feel free to interact with whichever way I like to. The drums however, I like to.



I was able to step outside onto the grass and dirt for a minute or so. It is about 55°F at 10:30.

I mention this as it is my own tradition to put my bare feet on the earth the first chance that would be warm enough.

Once the leaves grow from the branches of trees, I slip outside in bare feet often.

It is then that the work I do begins to symbolize the hoof to me. We are like horses. These things can be explained away with reason to be grateful to have a job.

Death will take me as sure as it will take all individual existent.

These words will fade away like they were never verbalized. If time can reshape the landscape of planets, watch suns die and planets become suns, then what reason do we have to believe human culture will survive?

When seen on this level, it does not matter whether ~~or not~~ one breeds or not. It does not matter if one writes or not. Whatever this universe is, our place in it appears to be as some sort of mutation between ape and extra terrestrial.

I will be keeping track of my eating behaviour as I suspect I may not be eating enough. All is relative. To whose standards do we measure how much food to eat? Are we not creatures hatched from the egg of biological need?

Am I intelligent or spaced out? What I mean to get across is that we are creatures just as much as snakes, dinosaurs, spiders, apes, etc are. We are beginning to look like giant inside out ants (as a species).

These hard cover note books take too long to decay. They take too long to burn.

And yet these hardcover books do have the quality of making what one reflects upon mystical in that we never know in whose hands this and these books will end up [in].

It is the occasional hardcover book that will surface once in a blue moon in order to keep the DIARY MATERIAL AS A WHOLE. Hardcover notebooks will give reference to Notebooks present and following -

FOOD CONSUMED 3/29/97 DAY OFF SAT

73

banana		die banane
apple		der Apfel
cereal bowls		

pizza

It helps me write. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ process of leaving a trail of diaries behind when one dies is awesome. The process of writing daily becomes a habit until eventually there are 100 volumes of diary material at your death bed.

03 31 MO 11:00

What weeks crap will I scribble? "Singapore" is busy working, but I have taken the day off as I will be driving to Grandpa's wake and funeral. I will stay down at South Jersey tonight, returning to Freehold tomorrow after the funeral, meal, and lunch.

I will have little chance to write, so I will not be bringing my "note book". Another reason for wanting to compress notes is because they are easier to carry away from home, whereas

a book such as this has to be read as it resembles a diary. A companion's notebook looks less personal, more scholarly.

I am worried about CPC. I fear I will have to call Mr. Tentamen (on the office) to schedule an appointment - and yet, as this is up to me to do, I feel great resistance at the thought of it. I will have to tell them I am smoking pot. Why lie? After all, I am spending way too much money on it. X?

04 01 Thu 15:00

During the huge Weber clan, my mother's family, at Grandpa's funeral today made me very aware of the whole structure of our society, of our traditions, of our pair bonding nature, of our being the outcome of countless numbers of sexual unions.

We are the outcome of sex.

Everything centers on sex and reproduction. If I do not

reproduce, "the Henrichs" disappear.

It does not matter at all.

No more funeral or birthday for Henrichs then!

I was a wall flower at the wake. I sat against the back wall and did not attempt to "mingle". I ^{observed} ~~themed~~ as an outsider as I could not bring myself to interact even with my family. I was an unmarried, fatherless grandchild at his grandfather's wake/funeral. (The oldest male grandchild) I have no family of my own. Still, I would not trade places with any of them. Whatever the reason may be, I am not sure, but I continue to elude the pair bonding relationship that might be conducive to reproduction.

It seems these adorable little angels
grow up to be drug addicts or
alcoholics or some other imperfection
of the human character.

My life is unlike the life of
a husband/father/"breeder". I have
no ambition to earn more money.

The only reason I even go to
school at night sometimes is to

seek KNOWLEDGE.

How busy the breeders are!

Even the priest made a joke about
how he had a feeling this family
would be around for a long time =
MANY GENERATIONS.

Yet the Howards [GRANDMOTHER, DAD, MYSELF] are

fading out of the picture.

I felt resentment from Sam
and his family. I intimate he
has been under a great burden these
past several months. It will be
a relief to get back on with
our lives, but I have a

feeling funerals are the purpose
of life. Life, my sick friends,

is a series of funerals... a
seemingly endless cycle of births
and deaths. Talks of the City
of Jerusalem and the Son of God
focuses too much on the individual
personalities stretching across time.

Standards death is a process, or the main process of existence.

One can never predict one's birth, but one can certainly predict that he will most certainly die within the next 100 years (which is a very short time ^{relative} to the amount of time things have been fucking and feeding on this planet).

Our deaths are certain. Nothing matters.

Should we cling to family?
Should we cling to life itself?

It is best not to cling to anything. It is best to let ~~get~~ slip back out of my life.

There is no one out there. We are all within. There are just words on paper that may or may not survive a hundred years. For the most part, this is an outlet for my own struggle to process reality ~~and~~ more intimately.

I endure the comments that degrade my humble position in society; but I am ~~not~~ one with the universe. I do not see

myself as being enslaved by an employer/state. I see myself as positioning myself in a place to age, to pass time, to hide away from the city and the suburban colonies.

Riddles are for madmen and other such ridiculous fools who have so much time on their hands that they can write the stream of their consciousness on paper on a daily basis and in an extremely obsessive manner.

I write the Diary of the Madman. I am possessed by the Writing Madness. It is when madness to write obscenely and most inner reflections, and yet are cherished bursts of creative energy. The best insights come ~~while~~ ^{while} goofing off. "GOOFING OFF" is the ~~ultimate~~ ideal state to ~~be~~ in for mental power.

Who would care to read another's private notebooks after one were deceased? Who would care?

There is a thing-in-itself that cares about continued existence.

This thing-in-itself resides in and is all that kills, all that desires.

My life is and always has been an experiment. All individual existents are experiments. Others could gain wisdom and insight into the nature of existence through reading some of my everyday philo-sophies.

I am mad. It takes great intelligence even to become insane. Insanity is based on behavior which is grounded in motives, desires, and knowledge/belief.

To wish for death of the universe is insane, whereas to wish for eternal life in the city of Jerusalem is sane.

Sanity is decided by one's culture.

We are victims ~~of~~ tradition,

We get caught in the cycles of births and deaths.

I do not know the answers, but I do not accept the mythology of Christianity, Judaism, Islam etc.,

21:15

How could any man not ~~be~~ be enthusiastic about life were a young woman like Stephanie Weber to be his mate? And yet, as passionate and magical as life would be, there is no escaping the miserable nature of existence. The remarkable thing about Stephanie is that she also seems to have great character ---

She is a symbol of hope. She is a dream, a vision.

My cousin is proud that ~~there~~ ~~not been exposed to~~ such beauty exists. I have no hope of ever

being with such a woman as the
will very soon become. So,
is it that I have not found
the "right woman for me" or
is it I am afraid to be
carried away by chaos and the
power behind a woman's charm?

On one hand I am a safe
monkey in a work-farm-stable who
has not pain bonded (mated, reproduced)
with a permanent mate yet, and
on the other hand I am a
mass of water-electricity - blood - (genetic code
- actually has no mass) -> structure is in
the gene code, which is invisible.

Invisible code = it's NATURE

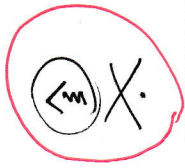
I am a form, an image, and at
the same time, I am disintegrated.

I am all I send. I am what
I experience. I would rather
smoke a joint and write nonsense,
at the same time taking
pleasure (simple pleasure) in
the very process of scribbling
the words on to paper, than
be tangled up in the dangerous
of real life.

Writing is not real life?

If I were tangled in the
web of Love and Family I would have
less time to PH12050PH12F.

Is philosophy real life?
Of course. Listen.



Although we have seen in our culture the rise of business oriented, practical minded institutions, and philosophy is seen as something hippies and bad taking gas pumps ~~also~~ engage in, philosophy is larger than life. The phrase is bullshit words - - of course because money talks. Money = business = practicality. Money is the form of control ← Philosophy is beyond economics and business -

With philosophy we ask the question, why do we exist? We do not accept traditional, ready made ^{FABLES} ~~legends~~. We sincerely wonder why we exist at all. Would it have mattered if we did not exist?

With philosophy we prepare ourselves for death. We become ready to die, whenever. That makes philosophy a higher level of interest than business, politics, economics, family, sex, life.

1997 04 02 WED 22:00

Philosophy comes out of life,
and yet transcends life.

To question the meaning of
existence itself is to challenge
this process we find ourselves
"as" (not "in").

What is the meaning of this process
we are? Do we live to
eat to live to breed to live
to eat to breed to die?
Do we live to die? This seems
to be the case.

Without life, there is no death.

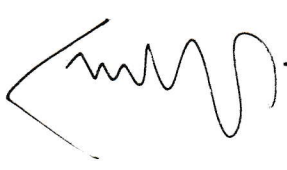
This is all a wonderful illusion.

I DO NOT WANT TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH
I REFUSE TO TAKE URINE TEST...

X

from Richard Kadis's Nihilistate:

"I write these notes for what they are
worth... for me. Under no
circumstances, in any shape, manner,
or form, were they intended for you.
They were written and kept solely
for the singular joy I reared
from them; and — the most important
reason — for what they added to
my original experience and thought."



The same applies to my
X O T E S

0403 TH 12:15

Even though I completed the gas reports (after splitting the data into separate sheets so as to close one month and open the next), lost one of region office trash, etc, I am still made to feel that I do not accomplish anything at work.

I hear, "He USED TO BE a great WORKER. I don't know what happened to him."

or "He just hates manual labor. He hates to construct. He hates to be used like a farm animal." I HATE THAT I AM MANIPULATED BY MONEY.

I believe that if one goes off long enough, one will discover the great secrets, the deep truths, the penetrating revelations, the kind of discoveries that alter the very nature of our experience and thought.

I may be looked down upon by family or society or women for being a laborer in a park in a state that also uses prisoners for the same purpose, but I am in a position where I am able to indulge in the craft of goofing off. Reading Nihilist will be mind expanding goofing off.

What else can I do now but write about the personalities I have to put up with? The old

73 year old at work always gives me blankets, coats, food, etc. He asked me if I would come down to his house to lime, fertilize, and rake his yard. Even though he has a small yard, I refused.

I understand that a decent man of good character would help him. I do not want to do yard work. I guess I am no good.

I am a nihilist.

nihilism

1. total rejection of established laws and institutions.
2. Philosophy
 - a. an extreme form of skepticism, the denial of all real existence or the possibility of an objective basis for truth.
 - b. nothingness or nonexistence
3. anarchy, terrorism, or other revolutionary activity
4. annihilation of the self, or the individual consciousness, esp. as in a mystical experience.

I am a nihilist.
nihilism

\$. total and absolute destructiveness,
the power-mad nihilism that
so strongly marked Hitler's
last years.

I am nihilist [1, 2, 4],

I want to write.

I want to read.

I do not want to work.

LUNCH IS AT NOON around
here. 12 NOON is more powerful
than 8 AM. I am beginning
to break through barriers.

Would a woman's presence in my
life cure existence of its futility?

When AND if a woman were
to become a significant part
of my existence, I am sure
I would be enamored happily.
Should I remain alone, then

I may perceive myself as
a biological nihilist in that by
not reproducing I am seeking
non existence as an alternative
to this twisted web of illusions
we call existence.

I dread returning to work.
I stretch the 1/2 hour break to 1,

The great trick for me is being able to maintain the awareness of an animal being manipulated and controlled.

I work in a park. There is a lot of being outdoors under the sky. I am able to be alone frequently. The location is ideal

in that the shop is next to the house. This gives me an array of advantages that I utilize on a daily basis.

I want to figure out a way in which to "contemplate" while working - an invisible diary.

I most certainly cannot speak what's on my mind at the shop. The only problem is that ignorances and blockheads end up screaming in my ear about stupid matters.

I do not enjoy the company of others. I do not respect

73 year old men in the civil service. I know that I

am fortunate on the one hand, but on the other hand,

life is meaningless and I am a natural born philosopher.

I am capable of "doing nothing".

Not many can be still doing nothing. They feel they must do

something in order to justify their existence. Who cares?

I don't even have to worry about material for writing about.

Daily life affords a plenty of revelations.

It is pay day. As much as

I enjoy smoking reefer, I wonder if I will be able to just

stop. I wonder if nicotine

will reveal itself to me in the unreal moments of the day.

This whole reality is a mental picture.

What does one do when one does not want to eat even though one is hungry? I chew the food, but I just can't seem to swallow it.

I just can't seem to swallow life.

I don't even want to write.

If I could get ahold of some reefer, that would get me through

this foul, anti-life mood.

I have thoughts of buying cocaine, but I am afraid to get hooked on it again. If I do it once, I will do it again.

What do I do?

I couldn't even get down Federico's pizza which I usually devour.

23:00

Blessed be the plant cannibals

nature and the effect it has when
inhabited by the human organism.

I am eased. I begin to take
an interest in ~~food~~ (why did I write
that?) music, writing, knowledge, and
plain old relaxing.

I am thankful to whatever
powers enable me ~~that medicinal~~
to medicate my existence with a
drug that will eventually put me
to sleep. $\frac{1}{2}$ pin joint of the
back was smoking 2 of the
other shit.

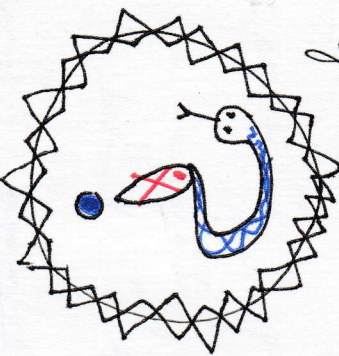
I need \approx milk

0405 SA 1100

[117]

I went for mile at 2 AM. On the
way back to the house I drove
slower than usual down Throesmoreton
between the Black Sticks Club and
Hillmore C. I had King Gunter's
"Producing" playing at full volume,
and I witnessed the looks on
some faces as the waves from
the old ESJotta reached their ears.
The music went along with the
whole lot of those seconds of
my decision to "keep on driving".
I am eluding a substance that
will keep me up for 3 days
only to find myself psychotic again.

What is a "natural drummer"? One who taps sticks together at an early age, One who beats a stick's back and forth between y's in tree trunks, One who beats a "cut in two broom stick" on 55 gallon metal drums in the middle of winter...

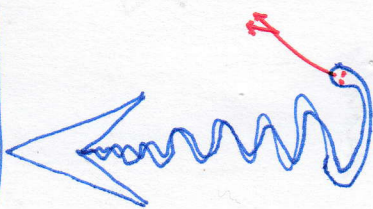
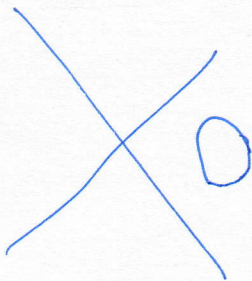


What does it mean to waste one's life away? What does it mean to reject established institutions? What is the demand of self-real existence? What is nothingness?

Psychosis == Spring fever

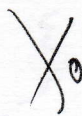
16:30 at 04058A

After a long fasting spell I am able to eat a couple Thomas' English muffins heavy on the butter. No cheese, No tomatoes, No mushrooms. Just mooks and crannies of toast and butter.



To do nothing is the vocation of many nuptials, hymens, and burns. Nothing must be my vocation. What will happen to my motorcycle when I die?

"The Upstairs tell us that food is life." These were my reflections as I guzzled Tropicana orange juice from a 64 ounce jug.



22:30 burger and fries at McDonald's

0406540630 1 rate from slumber

at 0500 hours, put on coffee, smoked a cigarette, smoked a couple joints, listened to music, beat on

the drums, downloaded IRC software and instructions on how to set it up on my PC, and even managed to cook and consume bacon, eggs, and toast.

15:30

I went back to sleep at 0900, woke at 1300, drove out for smokes, and delivered 5 bags of coal with some coffee. Even though I did the dishes and have plans for a walk through the woods, I feel the great tiredness pursuing me like a thief in the night.

The great tiredness is as good as death in that it frees me from living.

19:30

I drove over to the bookstore. I was there on his break from a 3-11 shift looking for This Perfect Day.

He thinks it is eerie as I do that it is out of print. I felt very conscious of being stored. I had just smoked a whole joint. Luckily he had to run. Odd that I was there then.

21:00

The dreaded Sunday evening before returning to the hell of Monday morning enslavement to the chains of the clock. The hair on my face is protruding wildly now. It is like in This Perfect Day.

I am deathly afraid to make appointment with the psychiatrist.

She would be shocked to find I have been "sick" for two months now. I don't think I will attempt to contact her until I am almost out of medication, and even then, I may just stop taking the medicine.

After all, what is a chemical imbalance anyway?

0408 ~~Wed~~ 1700

I have an urge to break over to the bookstore before dinner. I will make the last of the blessed cannibals this evening after dinner.

19:30

I saw SI again at bookstore.

I saw Kristen, but she may not have seen me. She mysteriously disappeared before I checked out with Ken Steacy's

Donum Box. The signal tells me that there is no signal. I have got to be welcomed by a woman's glance.

I miss being deared by Sherry.

My mother inquired into my psychiatric supervision. I told her I have yet to reschedule my part due appointment.

I have slipped through the cracks. I notice glances from local people. It is as though people know this park worker who lives in the undeveloped area of the park. I am a local myself.

I wouldn't mind dying on the old Belknap lands, or even right here in Monmouth Battlefield State Park. I feel like a

monkey in a jungle. I have been in Freehold [this old Freehold] for 26 of 30 years.

These woods is gettin' thin.

04 10 TH 17:00

Coming in from the shop I feel lost. I immediately remove my work pants and put on sweat pants.

I then roll ~~on~~ a joint. I have had enough coffee all day at work. I had to show my supervisor my teeth today as he was challenging my decision to take a break at

10:15 AM this morning.

The boss may think he is going to "act like Mr. Foreman" with me, but I am not going to be one who gets bulldozed into working harder. Hit me once with the whip, and I stop working. Hit me twice and I strangle the master.

There is not anything I even want to do. I have laundry to do.

The usual. The pot helps me relax. The notebooks make sense now. It is my responsibility to keep track of my psyche.

A few more totes off this joint and I will be drumming.

First I smoke, then I write, and then I drum. I have a pattern. I wonder when

the psychiatrist is going to attempt to destroy my thoughts, thoughts that invite drug use in order to remain "in tune with deeper realms."

To write about work seems pathetic, but I can't keep myself from visualizing the hatred in my former voice when he belived he could push me around like some run away slave.

I am not merely my physical being, although my physical organism has alot to do with my psychic identity. When the hands and management have to interact with me, they are forced to interact with a (mental case) creature with a high degree of intellect. This makes me a passionate man prone to behold the emptiness of our lives.

During the day we live our lives in the roles we are destined to play that day in the fabric of our societal system.

Even if I were a mental patient in a hospital or a prisoner in a correctional facility, I would still be a creature that would stand out from the rest as far as my writing, thinking, and speaking. And yet, drug abuse and alcoholism are common to prisoners, mental patients, and writers. Why is life?

To simply take care of one's biological needs is a constant chore, the occupation of the organism's entire cycle up to the point of death.

I am going to try folding and putting away the laundry this time instead of throwing the clothes into piles on the spare bed.

Slowly I will clean the house in stages each weekend. Soon enough it will be clean enough for my taste. I will not hurry to some schedule.

Somehow I will deal with the fact that I am encapsulated in this life support system that is slowly robbing my life from me day after day, week after week, year after year. (To be free from the need to have a job... that would eliminate the problem I

seem to have with my wanting to FIGHT authority.)

Death will set me free.

Slowly I will endure the pathetic attempts made by clumsy OVERSEERS to control me, but

I will not give them the satisfaction of a smooth running operation. I have considerable command of mental power, and I will use it to serve my will. They may be able to control me into working, but they are unable to control my mental processes.

The very fact that I argue is a direct confrontation. I not only challenge authority, but I openly piss on it when I assert my animalistic rights! If you don't like me, shoot me. Put me to sleep.

The heat that warms my bones is provided by my employer. The heat that warms the bodies of millions of prisoners across the continent is provided by some "agency, government, company." Give me shelter.

While I was incarcerated, I would imagine being placed (as an animal would be placed in a location suited to its nature) in a job in the social structure that would allow me ample time to kill outdoors... time to think, time to breed, time to stow.

I find myself wide awake with
restless madness at 4AM in the
morning. I wonder if I will
sleep again before "reporting"
to the shop at 8AM.

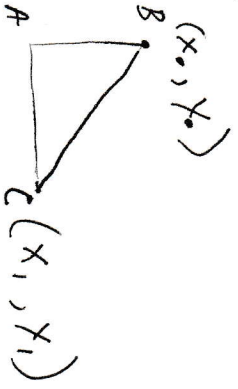
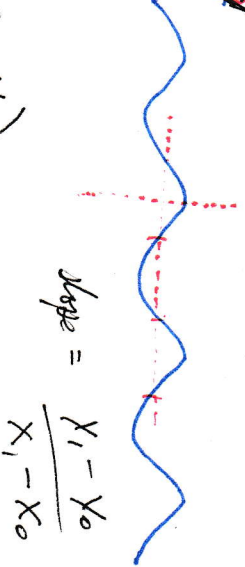
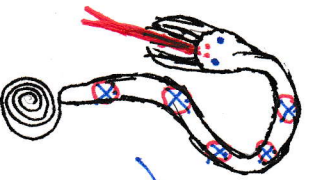
Even though my job gives
me photos, the very photos I
enjoy while off the clock, I
still feel the chains that
hold me captive here.

When will I leave here?
How will I ever have money?
Will I ever meet another woman?
Will I stop taking medication?
Will I go back to college?

I dreamt of Sherry. I also
dreamt a "Jern-looking" woman
was kissing me. I notice
young women, and I realize
I am 30 years old with
little to offer besides my
companionship.

Are people like me freed?
Without someone in my life,
I have much time to
think about the human
condition as it is in itself,
without the security of being
cherished.

17:00



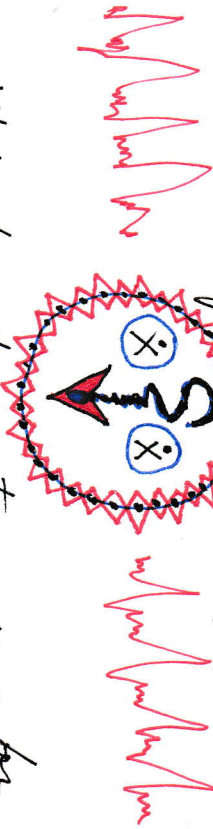
distance from B to C := $\sqrt{(x_1 - x_0)^2 + (y_1 - y_0)^2}$

I have an intuitive understanding of this. It is good to know, and I bet this understanding helps me in ways I am not even consciously aware of. I really do resent not being able to live as the Pythagorean child.

18:30

Why is life? At least I had the cash these last couple of months to take it easy and smoke pot. I

decide I will be cutting down soon do to my ^{low} budget.



What does this creature consume for it end of the day meal? ☹ ☹ ☹

Coffee and ~~drinks~~ ☹ ☹ ☹

What does this creature plan on doing besides bathing, smoking, and writing?

Will it rent a video? Will it organize it's entertainment tapes? How much cereal will this monkey eat over the weekend?

I have no money, and yet I have shelter and personal belongings - the precious artifacts of a solitary man who feels closer to animal than civilized man.

I feel like a farm animal, a ~~high class~~ ^{lower middle class} slave, and yet there is comfort in being captured, provided for.

My individual life is meaningless, and at the same time I am the thing-in-itself, the will to live.

How does one overcome the will to live? What is The Denial of the Will-to-Live?

Could it be that I am to enter into another study of Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation?

I was studying C Programming religiously until I got confused about pointers and arrays. I will be forced to attend the community college this fall to study C. In the meantime, I have these serious questions to deal with: why am I not eating? what is the denial of the will to live? How can I forget what I have learned from Schopenhauer, from life itself?

Experiment: drink one Merton Bee.

I made the one beer, but I have no plans on buying any. I have plenty of pot to smoke. I do not want to start depending on alcohol too.

I am no longer afraid of the psychiatrist. I refuse to go to a 12 step program. If I happen to have one beer, or even if I happen to smoke one on some of weed per week, that is the behavior of a creature that is prone to ~~control~~ things. I think this world is an annoyance.

I live to die.

04 17 TH 08:00

Why do I write instead of reporting to work? What would people say (think, do) were I to write in a journal such as this one at the shop? Suppose the books were to fall into the wrong hands?

The creature that I am feels the double edged sword of civilization. I resist, but there is no use "picking" - Athlete breed... all things breed. F lies fuck. Why is it difficult for me to get out the door? I feel the reality. Farm animal reality.

Nothing else can be stated as the aim of our existence except the knowledge that it would be better for us not to exist. This is the most important of all truths, and must therefore be stated, however much it stands in contrast with the present day mode of European thought.

SCHOPENHAUER WILLIAM DREYER VOL. II

According to Schopenhauer I am on the right track. I am so thankful for death, and yet I am powerless to resist the demands of my biological organism which is forced to adapt to its environment (natural world, culture, artificial worlds).

07:45

I found a belt, but I decided to drill the lumps later. I may have to buy a few small drill bits.

I notice sharp pain in my gums. Such is the nature of being a non-biological mechanism. We get warts, pimples, gum disease, cancer, aids, stress related mental disorders, ~~and~~ at infinitum.

What I find so amazing about daily work is that for 8 solid hours, there seems to be a strange hold on that part of me that thinks. I become a horse working the fields.

Philosophy becomes meaningless, and the whole idea that I am a man of great intellect becomes a joke as I struggle in to pay for my orange juice with quarters.

And yet, for a working class janitor / grass-cutter / philosopher, I have been placed in an environment with a low level of stress.

I sometimes imagine there are presences of mind behind the doors that have placed me here.



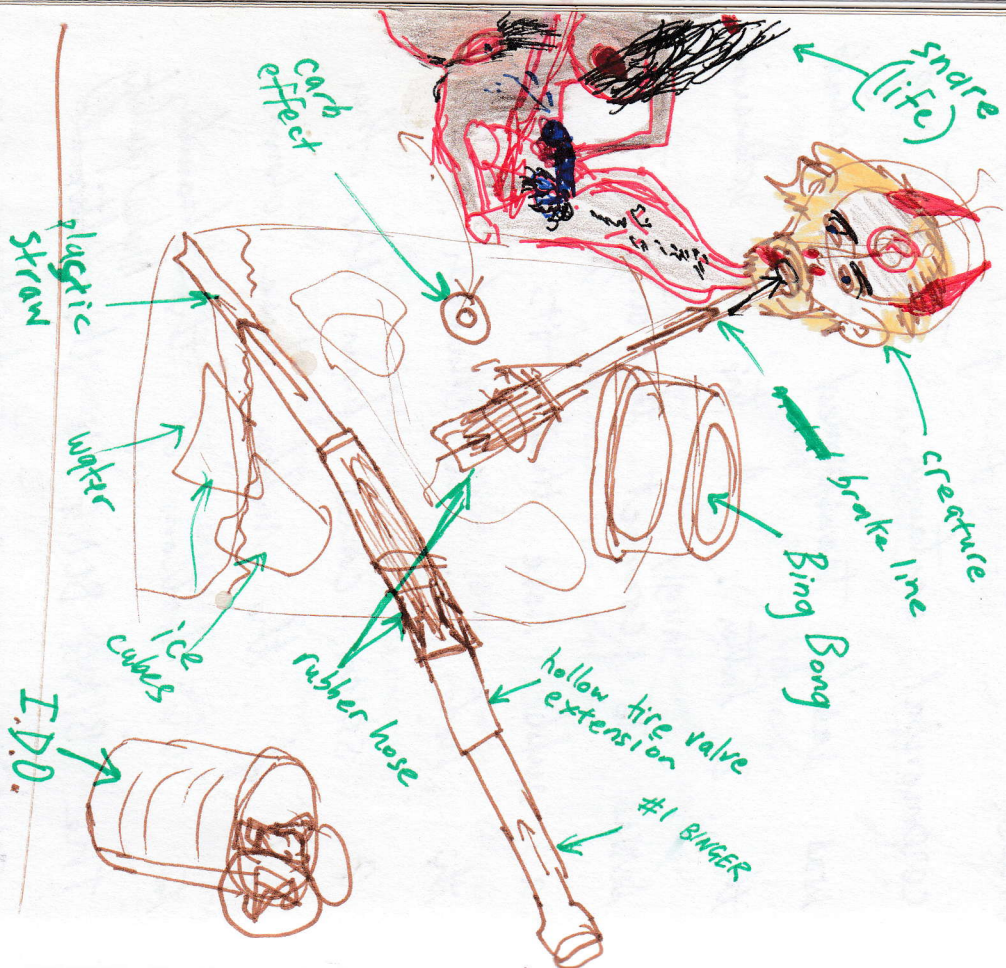
05 04 54 09:30

321

The Heineken's and Budweisers left me with a splitting headache. I took a couple aspirins, cleaned some dishes, and made coffee. I have no plans for today. As usual, entropy is at work in my reality.

When I went to the store yesterday, it was so crowded that I thought I may be having a nightmare. This is no nightmare. It really is that overpopulated around here.

The fact that we are creatures, intelligent mechanisms, makes us "crafty". I am lizard and plant.



On a Sunday, I am
better off just staying around the
house. I may do some walking
through / in the Woods, but
I do not wish to drive into
the Weekend Traffic Jam of Freehold
and Monmouth.

I hate these people just
because they exist. I do not have
to meet them as individuals
to decide whether or not I like
them or not. I view most
people as a hostile and aggressive
barren of madness. Each of us is
intensely focused on our own desires

standing away down this long road
off of The Battle of Monmouth Road,
I can think of no motives that
are strong enough to compel me
to drive out of this sanctuary.
The only possible treasure I may
go out in search of is some
raggae music at Blue O'Round.
If I make the trip out of here,
I will most likely hit the
bank and go up.

I am one of the swarm of
consumers, even though I am
in search of a meager track
of music that will inspire me
to keep my eye on my death.



What is physical appearance but
an illusion in the sensory
apparatus of that which perceives?

I see myself first of all as a
creature which makes me at once
a perceiving mechanism as well as
a life form to be observed by
that which is "outside my skin".

When I sneak over to get some
more tunes, will I worry about
how I am perceived or will
I be more concerned with
driving safely to insure all
my organs and limbs remain in
fact?

I am diagnosed with a dual disorder:
both a mental disorder and an
addiction tendency. My life will
be a series of relapses into
full blown addiction, including
all the helplessness and despair
that that leads to.

The authorities on human behavior
tell me I am MANIC DEPRESSIVE,
faking bipolar horse crap!

{ How does that 7 oz Bud Nip taste? }
The taste is not the important thing.
How does it make me feel?
I am alive. I am a free creature

in a boundless universe of chaos.
I will not feed into the
madness of 12 stepism and
the psychiatric inquirers.

It 7oz bottle of Budweiser at 11AM
makes me dance. It puts a bit
of bounce in my "ex-convict
graduate of a college prep
academy" step. I will do my
usual drive down "THE BATTLE OF
MOMMOUTH ROAD" = "THROCKMORTON
STREET" to "SOUTH STREET"
to 'Disc O Round, ATM, gas station'.
I will be looking for rough neck
raggae for OM5.

Will not a trip to the mall for
a reggae music cd be a
stressful experience with all the
traffic and swarms of jems?

If I am to coexist with
these swarms of suburbanites, I
will have to adapt to the
conditions they bring with their
shopping mall culture.

The purpose of searching for
new music, even though cash is
precious, is to somehow attain
a state of grace through the
music's messages.

No I really know what I want?
Aren't I just running away
from reality? I am accepting
the reality of the human
condition through those rock n
roll fantasies.

The other side of it is that
if one placed a mexican
woman out here with her
children, she would believe
she had died and went to
heaven.

I am living in my own
little sanctuary. Ofcourse it is
tempting to HIDE AWAY.

Although our species has developed
the ability to "TIME-BIND"
(pass knowledge/experience down
from generation to generation),
in the Long Run, over
unfathomable periods of time,
even our most sacred philosophies
and most powerful technologies
will be a fading flicker
of noise in this empty
ocean of perceptual illusions.

I am certain my writings will
be read, but I can no longer
afford to keep filling these \$15.00

journals every season. I will
use Composition Notebooks.

I will write MORE because
I will not feel so committed
to avoid Nonsense.

Also, these hardcover diaries beg
to be read, and, although this
will serve a great purpose after
my death - thereby leading
the reader to the rest of
the diary material, I will be
relieved while still living to have
my most personal thoughts,
behaviors, and emotions be
kept hidden away in some
academic looking series of Notebooks.